DEAR OLD WESTOVER AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

EXTRACTS FROM OLD DIARY

Glimpses of the Old World Virginia as Seen by a Child Who Formed Part of Its Interesting Life-Recent

Visit of Colonial Dames.

The impress of William Byrd, gentle man, of Virginia, and founder of Rich-mond, is found at Westover, for from the lordly entrance gates, crowned with the arms to the tomb which marks his final resting place, one can trace the cotprints of that which was a dominant influence in the colonial society of Tide-

water Virginia.

The house at Westover is of noble promain building from which the east and west wings extend being two stories high, with hipped roof and mullioned windows, wide window seats, spacious and lotty rooms, and a lawn ending at the beauty of the stories are the stories of the stories of

the river's front, which is indeed "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Westover was built during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and re-mained in the possession of the Byrds until about 1814. Then it was bought by muli about 1843. Interface to be gain one of the Virginia Carturs, and passed successively through the hands of several swriers, one of whom was Major A. H. Drewry, the brother of Major Cay Drewry, of this city. At his death, some ago, Westover became the prop orty of Mrs. William McC. Ramsay, a daughter of the house of Byrd, devoted to its traditions, under whose regime the estate has been restored and rebuilt. estate has been restored and results, until to-day it is quoted far and wide as the most interesting and the most perfect architectural example of the colonial period in the State. Its intrior is equally as beautiful as its ext ror.

INSPIRATION OF ROMANCE.

INSPIRATION OF ROMANCE,
Westover has served as the in plation
of all that is most romanite and for much
that is tenderest in Virginia history and
story, for its rooms, its gardens, and its
walks are still fragiant with he memory of Evelyn Byrd, he loveliest flower
of a lordly aristocratic race, remembered
even after the lapse of a hundred years
as that fair Virginia representative who,
when she was presented at the c urt of
St. James, was greeted by George II.
with:

"Much, my young lady, hath been told me of this goodly land of Virginia, but of her beautiful Bird I never knew till

It is a far cry from the bustling age of electricity to the days of patch and powder and its more leisurely manners. In fact, a rather avely fancy is required to bridge the interval, say, between the modern cottlion and the times when the gentlemen treated the ladies to fiddles, and the company were regaled with chicken and champagne at the extremely late hour of eleven. These stately, shimmering dames and cavaliers seem almost beings of another with-a world of allen thoughts and customs. Only cace in awhile a package of yellow letters, or perhaps a diary in the faded formal awhiting of the period comes to light and attests that there is, after all a freat deal of human nature in men and women of all ages.

DIARIES OF MANY KINDS.

The diary, as a wehele of more or Les decorous self-revelation, has been thoroughly exploited of late years by divers

were polite. To the already considerable list of these an addition has been made of late in the recently discovered journal of Miss Sally Cary Fairfax, the daughter of the Rev. Bryan Pairfax and Elizabeth Cary, of "Ceely's," Fairfax county, Va.

county, Va.

This diary, kept by its owner in 17:1-73.

When she was between the years of ten
and twelve, was recently found among
some old family papers by Mis Jamile
Pairfax, of Washington, the daughter
of Dr. Orlando Fairfax, its yellowed
pages, with their childish joit nes, were
carefully smoothed and lovently acranged, and then the fragmentary record was pleced into a most interesting whole through the sympathetic interpretation and connection of Mrs Fairfax. The fin-

through the sympathetic and connection of Miss Fairfax. The finished diary, read by her before a meeting of the Washington Colonial Dames, was loaned to Miss, John Addison, of this city, who, in turn, charmed the Virginia Dames with its repetition at their first autumn meeting, held through Mrs. Ramsay's gracious hospitality in the drawing rooms at Westover.

Westover, with the pictured grace and loveliness of Evelyn Byrd looking down from the wall was, perhaps, the most appropriate spot that could have been effected for the reading of the diary kept by this other Virginian girl. There is, indeed, a certain similarity between the figure of the famous eighteenth century leavy and the less well known Miss Fairfax, who also died unmarried at the early age of seventeen. Both were belies

Pairfax, who also died immarried at the Fairfax, who also died immarried at the early age of seventeen. Both were belies and toasts in that stately colonial time, rind the memory of them is fittingly associated with the spacious mansion of West-ver and all that it typifies.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL, A few extracts from the journal may, perhaps, be of interest here, as throwing from light upon old world Virginia, not as seen by the historical romancer, it may be, but as it appeared to a child who formed a part of its picturesque life, who refers to Washington familiarly as "my dear General," and who was said to be the "little love" of Washington's to be the "little love" of Washington's

Mrs. Ramsay gathered a body of repre Mrs. Rulmany gardened a visit with the walls of West-over October 24, 1992. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baitimore, Richmond and the State of Virginia were represented, but not one of them all sould claim but not one of them all collect clam-greater prestige than the two girlish fig-ures who were the Dames of long ago— Evelyn Byrd and Sally Fairfax—speaking across the silence of years, both through the potent power of youth and beauty and through the record which has sur-

The diary opens with an account of the The diary opens with an account of the preparations for a ball at To Islon, in Fairfax county, which was given on Thursday, December 26th, for which Miss Fairfax quaintly says: "Mama made 6 raince pies, 7 custards, 12 tarts, 1 chicking pies and 4 pudings." Her enumeration of dainties gives a good idea of what the served at ball suppers of that period, than Virginia was considered to be the home of good living and of generous cheer.

An entry on "Friday, Janna, 33, 172."

An entry on "Friday, Janna, 34, 172."

An entry on "Animals" in the celling of the price of the entry of the

The Home of Byrd Made as of Yore.

Somewhat severe, housewife shows here:
"On Thursday, the 2nd of Janna. 1772, Margary went to washing, and brought the things in ready done on Thursday, the 5th of the same month. I think sho week, if you will believe me, reader."
And this, it may be, is not wholly free from a hint of budding feminine vanity, "On Saterday, the 11th of Janna, I made me a card box to put my necklaces in-and I put Them in."

A curious entry in the light of modern happenings is this: "On Monday, the 12th of Janna, mama made some tea, for 3

wonder indeed!" In 1772 tea was already ce among the patriotic colonists, yet ewhat later the waters of Boston

time afterwards begins, in contrast to the free and easy style of the present, "Bonor'd Sir," and the little daughter goes on: "I wish I could write free and

a story which does not take account of those surroundings which are subtly in-terfused with our daily impressions. Perhaps this is a deficiency rather than a fault to be counted as inherent to the novel with a purpose. Through most of her fiction the voice of the teacher rather than the artist is heard. She emerges from the warmth and comfort, both ma-ter al and intellectual, which are native to the higher class life of England to follow her religious and economic systems as they are worked out by that other por-tion of the community which ignores Ox-ford, leaves the monthly reviews uncut, stream of cultured England runs like a

or the other, in order that the same of some shading and atmosphere.
"TEACHER RATHER THAN ARTIST."
Our own lives keep their deep mysterious hinterland. We can hardly live in a story which does not take a country." er driven tools, the realism becomes fa-miliarly apalling. The slow dying of Dora Grieve; Bessle Costrell's sordid dra-ma: the heads blackness of the mine fama; the heroic blackness of the mine for George Tressady, are instances.

A PAINTER OF SOCIAL MISERY. In depicting the misery which mingles with the dregs of the English social sys-In depicting the misery which imligies with the dregs of the English social system. Mrs. rum hry and spare to strike home. She gathers the agricultural abovers for us on their starved wages, in their dilapitated cottages, lured to trouble by the temptation of the game laws. There is the helplessness, the vacuity of mind of the old and infirm who trail through life to the workhouse, grumbling and indifferent. There is the restlessness of the young and strong, the daredevil adventurers of the midnight tragedy of the woods. Or again the old crone crouching over the fire in the coiliery village home, a comfortable interior with good bits of furniture purchased at the cost of human life. The ancient woman is full of memories of the father or the husband brought home in a winding sheet. She is ever ready for that rush and cry through the village which means the further loss of son or grandson. Then we have the squalid streets of East London; the great army of labor ever set against the classes above them ever mummung threatening, combining, falling to pieces, and ening, combining, falling to pieces, and

ever, significant to remember that the two schools of thought which have been the most successful with the outcast and the submerged, are the High Church, Whether Canolle or R. tuans ac, and the Salvation Army with its positive creed. THE SOCIAL PROBLEM AS IT IS.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM AS IT IS.

It must also be borne in mind that it is
not the smaller tradesman, and the wellfound working man with his Provident
Society, and his Trades' Union, who contribute to the social distress. No revolutionary proposals are ever likely to proceed from them. They are able to hold
their own, to satisfy their religious symtheir own; to satisfy their religious symtries of the country. Moreover, their natural ambition is satisfied by the road which competition leaves open to the handleraftsman, and to the smaller trader. for promotion to the smaller trader. er, for promotion to the classes above. No dead-level Socialist system would compensate them for the loss of this exhiliarating opportunity. It is the great body of indefinite workers lying below which is the problem and despite of the scale. gle, sickness, misfortune, or vice lays a heavy hand upon them, and with increasing age their powers for work become still more impaired. Add to these emiwe have always with us. The labor, more or less unskilled, to which they are equal, is limited and fluctuating in quantity. There may be bread and butter for

NIGHT WAS SPENT IN DISMAL SWAMP

the ordinary charities, the collections for the poor saints; even an apostle working at a trade in order that he might not be chargeable to any. In these days of tresh ideas and large movements, he would be rash who declared that international cooperation on the basis of Socialism would be impossible, but international it would have to be. A continent must resolve to be communist to give the experiment any hope of success. To convert a continent to such an experiment, to overtinent to such an experiment to such an experiment, to overtinent to such an experiment to such an experiment to such an experiment to such an experiment, to overtinent to such an experiment to overtinent to such an experiment to such an experiment any hope of success. To convert a continent to such an experiment any hope of success. To convert a continent to such an experiment any hope of success. To convert a continent to such an experiment any hope of success. To convert a continent to such an experiment any hope of success. To convert a continent to such an experiment any hope of success. To convert a continent to such an experiment any hope of success. To convert a continent to such an experiment any hope of success. To convert a continent to such any to such a such and the such and

John M. Gamewell As an Inventor.

By MARY W. EARLY.

Mr. John N. Gamewell, of South Care of marked originality, was the inventor of marked originality, was the inventor of the fire and police alarm which is now used throughout the civilited world, and which has placed his name on the list of the benefactors of his race. He received a medal both from the French and Russian Governments for his invention. He took up his residence in New York, was made superintendent of the Fire Department of the city and acquired a large fortune from his patents. His son, the Rev. Frank Gamewell, of the American Methodist Mission, has lately gained great fame from his heroic conduct during the siege of Pekin. In fact he was the greatest hero of that occasion. He had studied civil engineering before becoming a preacher, and this proved a great help to him in his defense of the Methodist compound, which he conducted in the most scientific and efficient manner. He did this so admirably that Sir Claude McDonald placed him in charge of the fortifications of the British Legation, and so complete was his work that although a number of men among the allies, who exposed themselves to fight, were stricken down, not a single woman or child within bounds of the legation was killed during the siege.

It is said that Mr. Gamewell took his first lesson in sand bag fortification from seeing the Confederate soldiers thus fortify his native town, (Camden). At all exents he made extensive use of this means of defense, stocking up over 50,000 bags, which the women made and the fire and police alarm which is

events he made extensive use of this means of defense, stocking up over 50,000 bags, which the women made and helped to fill. It was largely through his wisuom and energy that the besieged were saved. His services were so signal that they were gratefully acknowledged by the British Government, as will apby the British Government, as will ap

Peking, Feb. 18, 1901. Dear Mr. Gamewell, It is with great pleasure that I have received from the de-partment of State and hand you herewith a copy of a note from the British Ambas-sador in Washington, expressing his gov-ernment's appreciation of the eminent services rendered by you during the at-tacks on the legations in Peking, and for the invaluable assistance rendered by you both to Sir Claude McDonald personally and to the defense in general. I am instructed to inform you that the depart-ment of State is much gratified at the tribute to your skill and heroism, in which entiment I most heartfly join.

Yours very truly,
E. H. CONGER,
(Then American minister to China).

I hope my readers will pardon this di-gression, the mention of Gam well the inventor, having called to mind his noble and heroic son, whom I felt as if I could

In a public speech made some time ago.

Mr. Henry W. Grady claimed that F.
R. Goulding of Georgia was the Inventor of the sewing machine, or perhaps he
meant "one of the inventors." for we find that a common impulse m ved seve originated in England, tought to was te-served for Americans to produce a resulty efficient machine. As far back as 1790, Thomas Saint of England produced a machine which possessed many features of the modern machine. Also a French inventor, M. Thimonier produced in 1870 good meal, a machine which worked with some efficiency and which was patented in this country in an improved fo m in '850 But the credit of making the ear lest eff ct lve sewing machine (1832) is gene all conceded to Walter Hunt of N w Y rk. El'as Howe, of Massachueetts, Fowever, stands out with especial prominence among sewing machine inventors. his machine (patented in 1846) being considere the parent one, on which more recent in

The Dismal Swamp is the furthest north of a nearly unbroken series of this feature of physical geography which is peculiar to the Southern Atlantic and Gulf regions of the United States. I have a very limited experience with Southern Injustice is done the Virginia one in se-lecting it for luguerious pre-eminence. The prevalent gray moss in the swamps further South, which gives them a gray and mournful aspect, is almost absent in the "Dismat' in the northern portions. There is besides a greater variety of follage.

The great swamp, however, cannot claim any enlivening effect upon the beholder, especially on the border of the lake. The distant water takes the tone of the skies, but that which have waters would be called white cap suggest impurity, as do the waters the James frequently, nor is it tur but one misses the sparkle so charm James frequently, nor is it turbid

upon the sea beach or on the shores of the Northern lakes.

TRIP TO THE LAKE.

I saw the lake when the waters were high in the early spring. With an artist companion I made the trip from Portsmouth on the canal, probably the slowest mode of locomotion, next to the ox cart, that I ever made use of The "distance that I ever made use of The "distance".

keeper and his wife. The old couple agreed to entertain us for the night. It involved conditions that we had not anticipated in this part of the world.

ONE ROOM FOR ALL the submerged cypress knees, which had proven snares for us in the long grass of the so-called land. But the landscape was so uniform that almost any point

ically, but many were closed in, though the month of March. The old folks stayed the month of March. The old folks stavel outside whilst we retired to our pallet on the floor. We blew out the candle, as they requested, when they re-entered and got to bed somehow in the utter durkness. We had spent some time in conversation before retiring. The fact came out that the old man had never seen a hill. His wife had been to Peters, burg once, and spoke of the astonishing elevation about that city.

My companion mentioned having on a sketching tour spent a night on the top of the Peaks of Otter.

of the Peaks of Otter.

"I wouldn't have staid up that for nothin' in the world," remarked the old man. "It must have been too lonesome

for anything!"
Night had barely fallen when the air Night had burely fallen when the air was filled with sounds innumerable and indistinguishable, most of them. There was a prominent note, however, an unearthly screach, which, the old man said, came from the wild cats. They "pestered" him mightly around the house after his fowls. I think they roosted on the beams above us. The owls, big and little, were wonderful, and the whole natural orchestra a thing to be remembered. I forgot to say that the walls of all sorts of varmints, and a few hawks of all sorts of varmints, and a few hawks of all sorts of variants, and the what a were miled up outside, apparently for moral effect, as these marauders looked after the fowls in the day time. Bears were numerous and aggressive, we were informed. Our board and lodging was twenty-five cents each. We left with less regret for the isolation of the old folks than we would have had but for their queer idea of lontsomeness. We saw the huts of the timber men, but not another soul on our visit except the old couple.

LINES OF TOM MOORS.

The poet Tom Moore was in Nortole about one hundred years ago, and inspired by the tradition of the lover who lost his life in the Dismal Swamp, looking for his affianced, who had wandered there, wrote one of the worst pieces of poetry that ever came from any old poet or new one. But it has survived in quotation in a fragmentary to m, and

All night long by a fire-fly lamp. She paddles her white cance." sne pannes ner white canoe.

turns up occasionally even now. But he
makes "swamp" rhyme with "dam."

Probably it did as he pronounced it, and
exceeds his license with the flora and
fauna of the great morass, for the baf-

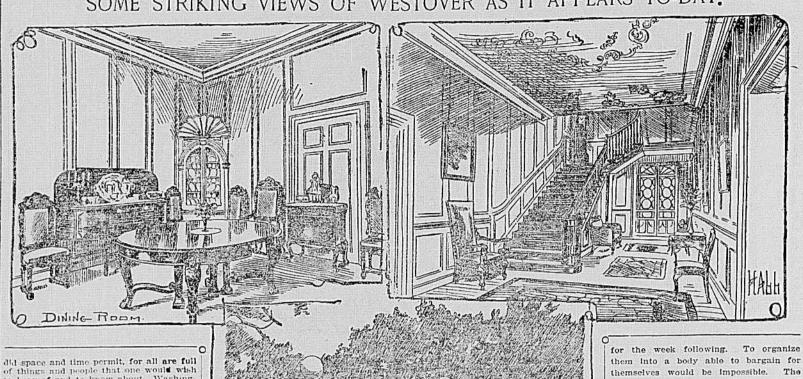
field lover

"— lay were the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tears and mighty steep.
The fiesh with blistering dew."

besides, "The copper snake breathed in his ear."

It is strange that the possibility of the swamps being drained now agitated poposed by the citizens of Norfolk and the rightless and the rightless of solutions and the rightless and rightless and rightless and rightless are rightless and rightless and rightless and rightless are rightless and rightless and rightless and rightless are rightless and rightless and rightless ar the vicinity on sanitary considerations the vicinity on sanitary considerations, when sixty to seventy years ago this operation was recommended in order to reclaim unutilizable but probably very fertile lands. The extent of the swamp is said to be thirty miles north and south by ten in width. The area of the lake six or seven, but that apparently is being extended all the time by the clearing of the forest. At the time of our visit, some years ago, is seemed at least a mile wide. mile wide.

SOME STRIKING VIEWS OF WESTOVER AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.



ment-Socialist, if you please to call it-by which these weaker workers may be sorted and apportioned to trades and f letters to the exclusion of competi-

have "no bands," even in their spiritual death. Palliation but not remedy can be found. The outcome of it all seems to be sympathy and "settlements."

At any rate there is no attempt on her part to evade the actual facts. Size does not seek the triumph of one ecclesiastical system, or school of thought. How gladly would she have co-operated with Catholic and Angelican if either could have applied a religious solvent to the social problem! Perhaps there is notice—

labor greater than the demand. Religion may teach resignation, redeem the no-bler qualities, save from victous habit,

but It cannot transform the economic con-

permanently pauperize it, and to draw to waverers capable of better things. State must, of course, charge itself with the most forlorn, but there is a terrible margin for suffering before the broken

lives are picked up by the social am-bulances. It may be possible for reform-

ers to devise a system of State employ-



onal. It is only by an executive touch here and there that one can determine the sex of a writer. An intimate knowledge of female life is likely to escape, and to reveal the woman in the author. George Ellot betrayed herself to the closely observant in one of her earlier works, by the self-consciousness of the heroine, but Mrs. Humphry Ward is singularly free from the intrusion of such a betrayal.

AS NOVELIST. The faculty of imagination is surely a ansitive reception to ideas beyond the in-ellectual circumference. It is a suggestion tellectual circumference. It is a suggestion from without; it is not begotten from within. With the mind in an attitude of attention, thought flashes upon it from the acknown. There is a drift of stellar dust through the universe, the debris, it may be of ancient systems, or the waste of universal thought. Passing from the spiritual ether into the intellectual atmos-there the particles kindle to consciousness. portion ether anto the intersection atmos-bere the particles kindle to consciousness ke the November meteors. The rest is idustrious tool work; the acquirement of terms style and distinction—the man-

nteries style and distinction—the man-nerism of the romance or poem. As a covellst, Mrs. Humphry Ward is conscien-tious, though her touch is a little hard, The influences of George Eliot in style, The influences of George Ellot in style, and of Charles Kingsley in social ideas, are clearly to be traced. There is no scamping of detail, no contentment with impressionist effect. She handles firmly her subject, showing that thoroughness of preliminary study which was characteristic of George Elliot. Her drafts of charater have been made eyidently from real life, The scenes, whether on Westmorland moorland, in London drawing-yoon, or the Latin quarter of Paris, are a faitful transcript from fact. Having a faithful transcript from fact. Having settled her characters and realized their situations, she writes as one that resituations, she writes as one that repeats a story. The action is introspective, the circumstance incidental. Situations are of less importance to her than the mental experience which leads up to them or results from them. A background for the story is hardly necessary. Whether the hero, or heroine, be deep in the Fontainebleau forest, blown about on Northern world or combined in a city on Northern world or combined in a ome of good living and of generous carret, matters little. The mental and spirtual phenomena concern the writer and reader. Whilst William Black would

The imaginative faculty is always imper- | the gray church tower, that she would spare if she could; but reacming forces, both religious and economic, draw her along the road from which she would have excaped. The dual character of her lish home life is almost unrivalled. The

SCENE IN DISMAL SWAMP, OR LAKE DRUMMOND.

hand is faithful; the picture is painted "warts and all"; yet the idealism of the Catholic faith, its restful asceticism steals like a dream upon the sympathies. But all the time her other nature is rejoicing in the breath of an intellectual moorland, never fenced by human fingers, with a far distant horizon losing litself in space of sky. Her chosen here has all in a religion of humanity, a brotherhood is a point of the philistinism of Dissent; a system which the exeluption of a wholesome municipal socialism which undertakes monopolies. Christianity softens the situation, but has no gospel of economic salvation, and faiters at entering the open sea of free thought. Determined to face her difficulty honestly, she discards ordinary restricted to that active working body, the first Society of Jesus, sent forth into the advantages of noise essences, seed, and ease of running has sold largely. twisted loop stitch, by means of a rotating hook under the cloth, and having the advantages of noise essness, sreed, and ease of running, has sold 'a grly. In regard to the daim Mr. Gady sets

(Continued on Twenty-Ninth Page.)